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# Hymnal Revision

BEING THE REPORT OF A  
SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF THE

DIOCESE *of*  
MICHIGAN



Protestant Episcopal church in the U.S.A.  
Diocese of Michigan.

Published for the Committee by  
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*Report on*

*The Revision of the Hymnal*

*to the*

*Convention of the*  
*Diocese of Michigan*

*1913*

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## PREFACE



The following from the Minutes of the Convention of the Diocese of Michigan, assembled in Jackson May 14, 1913, will explain the publication of this pamphlet:

"The Report of the Committee on the Revision of the Hymnal was adopted, the thanks of the Convention extended to the Committee, and the Report ordered to be printed in pamphlet form."

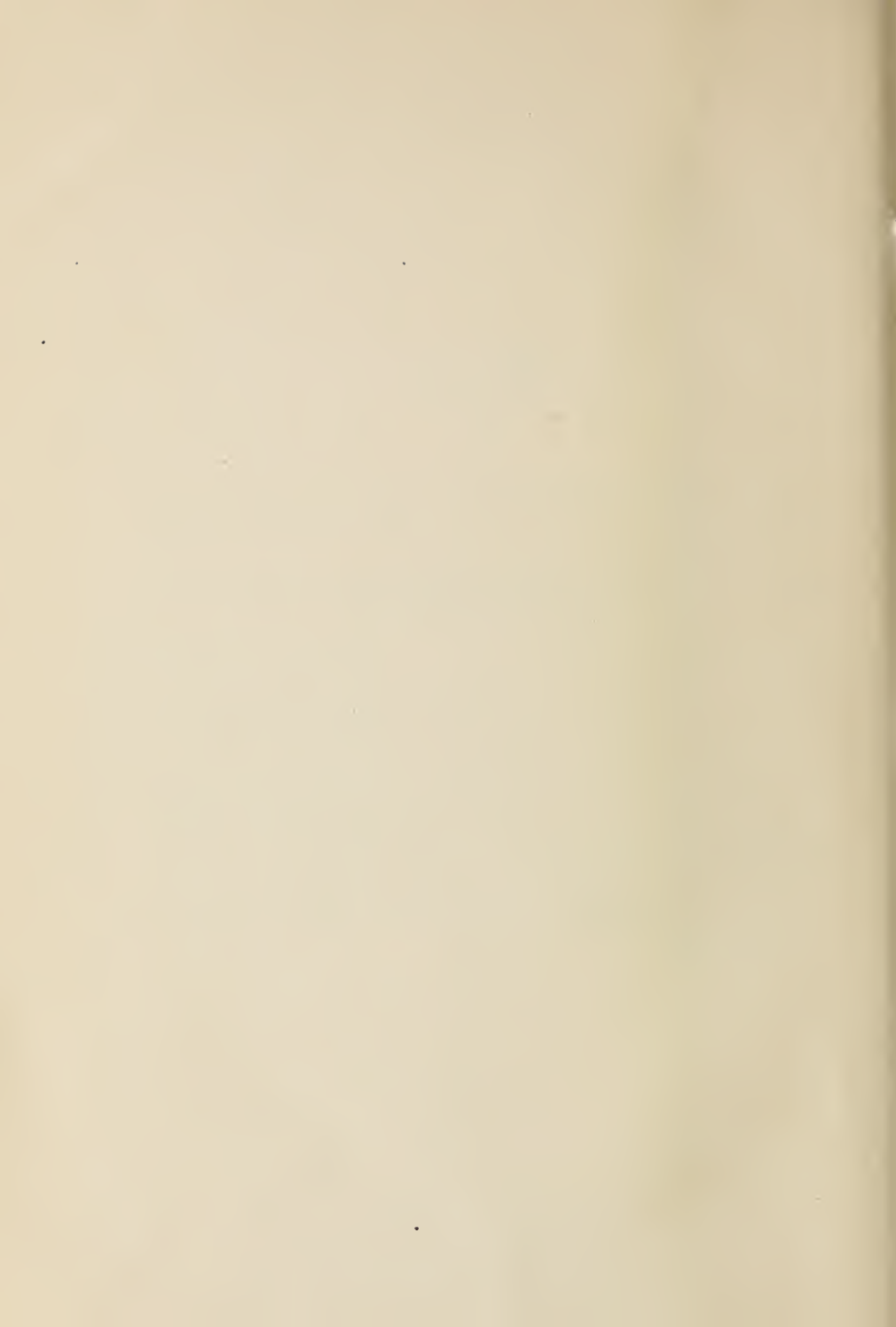
"A resolution was presented by the Rev. Dr. Maxon, and unanimously adopted, that the Rev. Dr. Faber be requested to take steps to present the substance of the Report, as he shall himself determine, to the General Convention; and the Report in full to the Commission on Hymnal Revision, as expressing the mind of the Convention of the Diocese of Michigan."

In obedience to these instructions the following pages are sent out, with the hope that they may induce serious consideration of the magnitude of the undertaking of a new Hymnal, and impress the absolute necessity of devoting sufficient time to so great a task. Eagerly as we may desire a new Hymnal, let us this time put the seal of official approval only upon a book worthy of our Church; and be content to wait till such a book can be prepared and submitted to very thorough and deliberate examination.

St. John's Rectory, Detroit, Michigan,

W. F. F.

4 June, 1913.



## REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE REVISION OF THE HYMNAL

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The following Resolution was adopted at the last Convention of the Diocese of Michigan (Journal 1912, p. 124) :

*“Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed, with privilege to enlarge their own number, to make a study of the question of Hymnal Revision, and to bring before the next Convention such recommendations as may to them seem important, with a view to the possible action of the approaching General Convention.”

Your committee beg to report that they have made an extended but far from exhaustive study of this large subject, and are more than ever impressed with the importance of insisting that there shall be no haste in compiling and authorizing a new collection of hymns for this Church. To commit the Church prematurely to a Hymnal as binding as the Prayer Book itself—surely the contemplation of such a step might give us pause.

We are, in this American Church, hampered by rubric and canon in respect to the use of hymns, as our brethren in England and the colonies are not. In England every successive wave of religious renewal, every new access to treasures of other lands and ages, has served to enrich the national store of sacred song. The field has been open, and whoever would could make a hymnal; and broadly speaking, clergy and congregations could use it or let it alone. John Wesley was a pioneer in the field, with a little book in 1736—perhaps the first to gain in England a foothold for hymns as distinguished from metrical psalms. From that day to this, four or five hundred different collections have made their appearance, all Anglican, but all without imposition by authority; and the immense amount of cultivation thus given to this field has resulted in the splendid pre-eminence of the Church of England in hymnody.

In the course of time the process of selection awarded to a few of the later of these collections a standard place, due to no legislative action, but solely to the weight of merit. To gain such a place as has been achieved by *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, or the *Church Hymns*, or the *Hymnal Companion*, means something. Compiled as each of them was under severest critical scrutiny and after prolonged consideration, tried out in actual use and successively revised, the result represents acknowledged merit both devotional and literary, and above all, practical. After so long a period of this rich activity, without comparison in better position to move on (if such were contemplated) to the adoption of a single authorized Hymnal than are we, our brethren of the Church of England would, we make bold to say, scarcely dream of legislating such a book into existence within one decade.

And what, in this matter, has been the record of our American Episcopal Church? We began in 1789 with the paraphrases of the 150 Psalms and 27 additional hymns; 30 more were added in 1800. Then Selections were made from the Psalm paraphrases, and in 1827 a collection of 212 hymns was set forth; all being still bound in with the Prayer Book. Of this entire collection it is enough to say that always it was far inferior to what was available and in use in England. The House of Bishops in 1865 granted a request for more hymns, and set forth 65 additional, most of them excellent and of enduring worth. But even with these, the hymnody of our Church was poor, not rising to the level of the Prayer Book; in fact, as a whole, either morbidly subjective and individualistic, or didactic and dry.

In 1871 came our first Hymnal, as a separate book, marking an advance, but still over-full of the old unchurchly, unpoetical, mechanical kind. Only a score of years it continued with us; then came the present book. Treating as one book the threefold collection bound in with the Prayer Book prior to 1871, and calling this our "earlier collection," and setting beside it the Hymnal of 1871, we find that our present book was indeed radical. Of our present 679 hymns, 138 were in these other two, 172 of them in only one—that is, 310 were old, 369 were new. We shall recur to these figures: let it here be simply noted that in a short time a new book was legislated upon us, in which appeared only 310 of the



Church's former hymns, while 369 were new. Of most of the old which were dropped we were happily rid; we shall have next to be rid of a large percentage of these 369.

To prepare for any new Hymnal, we should make a thorough analytical study of our present Hymnal, comparing it with other contemporaneous and widely used Anglican hymnals. It is probably true, as has been said, that "to present a book to the Church which shall be *The Book of Common Praise* in the same sense and with the same acceptableness as the Prayer Book is *The Book of Common Prayer*, requires a combination of circumstances and of men which does not exist." Nevertheless, a considerable Anglican consensus has been reached. And it seems of prime importance that we should set out to get ourselves thoroughly into our proper Anglican alignment. Worship has, or should have, its unity. What hymns are in thorough accord with the genius and spirit of the Prayer Book is not, we think, so much a matter of individual conjecture to-day; the mind of the Church has to a very great degree clarified itself. Our hymnal ought, no doubt, to be an American hymnal; it is, however, far more important that it be an Anglican hymnal. It should be a modern hymnal; but it is essential that it be a Catholic hymnal. It should be, of course, a collection of hymns the people will love to sing; but it is imperative that our hymns shall be above reproach in point of spiritual sanity, of intellectual sincerity, of genuine poetry. Bearing all this in mind, it will soon appear that a not inconsiderable number of hymns in our present book may be dropped; and that new hymns applying for admission should be carefully scrutinized. There are "classics" which are not as yet in use with us; we should admit them, and thus truly enrich our hymnody. There are, and will be, new hymns born out of our modern religious life to meet its peculiar present-day needs, and such (though they may not endure as have some of the "classics," have their own peculiar claim. But it must always be borne in mind that there is much excellent religious verse, suitable for devotional reading—and some of it truly lyrical—which yet we ought not to admit to our Hymnal.

We have chosen for comparison with our present book the *Hymnal Companion* in two editions, the second and the third, both still in use; *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; and *Church Hymns*:

also the *English Hymnal*, and the *Canadian Book of Common Praise*—these last two very recent.

The *Hymnal Companion* was compiled by Bishop Bickersteth upon a careful comparative study of twenty-five different collections, in 1871. It was revised in 1876, and again in 1890. "In Anglican representativeness it is at the head of all hymnals in the Church of England," says Julian, in his *Dictionary of Hymnology*.

*Hymns Ancient and Modern* in its successive editions of 1861, 1868, and 1875, attained a circulation of 25 million copies. This enormous popularity serves sufficiently to indicate that it possessed merits of its own; making peculiarly strong appeal in a generation awakened to Church consciousness by the Oxford Movement. Still further enlarged some twenty years ago, it holds its own to the present day.

*Church Hymns* came out under the imprimatur of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1871, "to meet the common needs of the Church and not the aspirations of a party." It is a splendid book, of high poetical merit, rich in ancient hymns and rich also in hymns for the manifold demands of modern Church life. It is in present use in a new and revised edition.

*The English Hymnal* (1906) in its Preface calls itself "a collection of the best hymns in the English language," "and is offered as a humble companion to the Book of Common Prayer for use in the Church." "It is not a party-book," say its editors; it is to "suit the needs of learned and simple alike." "Hymns are printed, wherever possible, as their authors wrote them." This book, by men of eminent literary ability, is rich both in ancient material and in the most modern expressions of the spiritual enthusiasm for humanity and the Kingdom of God.

One more hymnal we have used for comparison; the *Book of Common Praise*, the Hymn Book of the Canadian Church, 1909. Having till that date used, like the English Church, unofficial collections, our Canadian brethren then followed our example, adopting an authorized Hymn Book. Their experience will be watched by us with interest. A collection of 795 hymns is excessively large, we think; and this one, in our opinion, includes many of inferior merit.

Taking now these six contemporary Anglican hymnals, to wit:

1. *The Hymnal Companion*, II. Edition, 1878.
2. *The Hymnal Companion*, III. Edition, 1890.
3. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.
4. *Church Hymns*, Revised.
5. *The English Hymnal*.
6. *The Hymn Book* of the Canadian Church.

Let us trace each of our own present 679 hymns through them: marking as "A" those found in all these six; "B" those found in five of the six; "C" those found in four of the six; "D" those found in three of the six; "E" those found in only two of the six; and "F" those found in only one of the six. "G" will be those found in no one of the six.

Further, let us mark with (1) those found also in one of our earlier American collections, and with (2) those found in both our earlier American collections.

The result is as follows:

"A" (2)—46 hymns.

"A" (1)—66

"A" —35

that is, 147 of our 679 hymns in the present hymnal are to be found in every one of the six Anglican collections above named.

"B" (2)—13

"B" (1)—22

"B" —34

that is, 69 others are found in five of the six.

"C" (2)— 9

"C" (1)—20

"C" —35

that is, 64 are found in four out of the six.

"D" (2)— 6

"D" (1)—13

"D" —42

that is, 61 are found in three out of the six.

"E" (2)— 8

"E" (1)—12

"E" —41

that is, 61 are found in only two out of the six.

"F" (2)—12  
 "F" (1)—11  
 "F" —50

that is, 73 are found in only one out of the six.

"G" (2)— 44  
 "G" (1)— 28  
 "G" —132

that is, 204 of our 679 hymns are not to be found in any one of the six contemporary Anglican hymnals named above.

As previously stated, of our 679 hymns,  
 138 were in both our own earlier collections,  
 172 were in one of our earlier collections,  
 369 were new hymns in our American Church.

It is significant further that of these 369 which in 1892 were new to us, 132 are hymns which failed to gain admittance into any of these contemporary Anglican hymnals, four of which are in revised editions of dates later than 1892; and 50 more which are to be found in only one of the six.

Of the 138 which appear in all our successive American hymnals, 44 have not been received into any one of these contemporary Anglican hymnals.

Let us now see which are the hymns in each of these several classes.

"A" (2)— 2, 11, 12, 18, 34, 36, 37, 47, 51, 54, 89, 101, 102, 112,  
 139, 231, 254, 261, 289, 323, 327, 335, 336, 344, 387, 402, 406, 407,  
 408, 414, 427, 433, 439, 450, 452, 460, 461, 476, 490, 507, 509, 606,  
 639, 657, 675, 678.

"A" (1)— 1, 10, 16, 19, 22, 24, 32, 39, 45, 49, 56, 65, 73, 82,  
 88, 90, 91, 97, 100, 104, 105, 121, 122, 128, 136, 179, 183, 186,  
 193, 203, 209, 216, 224, 240, 268, 306, 312, 342, 348, 354, 357, 373,  
 374, 375, 383, 412, 418, 421, 423, 432, 447, 458, 459, 466, 470, 489,  
 491, 516, 540, 544, 567, 599, 632, 646, 663, 673.

"A" — 14, 42, 52, 123, 126, 143, 178, 204, 242, 243, 296, 321, 322, 372,  
 389, 396, 400, 409, 410, 437, 440, 477, 484, 511, 519, 521, 530, 535,  
 553, 569, 600, 615, 621, 665, 674.

"B" (2)— 66, 93, 111, 225, 283, 288, 381, 425, 429, 473, 593, 652, 660.

"B" (1)— 28, 59, 60, 79, 115, 118, 147, 176, 233, 294, 329, 333, 346, 362,  
 379, 398, 434, 462, 506, 562, 667, 679.

- "B" — 23, 109, 110, 135, 170, 181, 219, 220, 221, 238, 257, 260, 273, 274,  
282, 368, 417, 430, 453, 457, 496, 505, 515, 520, 523, 524, 525, 529,  
552, 582, 586, 589, 603, 614.
- "C" (2)— 48, 192, 351, 365, 464, 468, 565, 651, 670.
- "C" (1)— 41, 44, 76, 81, 83, 107, 114, 189, 284, 316, 340, 345, 376, 394,  
405, 441, 481, 483, 534, 658.
- "C" — 8, 63, 103, 150, 161, 173, 175, 187, 228, 230, 234, 299, 304, 307,  
317, 319, 328, 332, 337, 343, 347, 350, 378, 397, 399, 401, 444, 499,  
518, 568, 584, 587, 601, 612, 640.
- "D" (2)— 30, 339, 474, 498, 503, 653.
- "D" (1)— 21, 31, 43, 94, 96, 117, 174, 199, 265, 358, 369, 416, 558.
- "D" — 5, 9, 17, 67, 84, 98, 113, 151, 165, 166, 168, 169, 172, 190,  
191, 198, 222, 227, 236, 264, 349, 382, 390, 391, 395, 420, 424, 445,  
526, 527, 539, 556, 576, 579, 581, 591, 604, 605, 618, 623, 624, 676.
- "E" (2)— 27, 141, 207, 377, 472, 561, 597, 659.
- "E" (1)— 15, 148, 149, 248, 269, 324, 330, 380, 403, 643, 677.
- "E" — 58, 62, 95, 99, 131, 134, 154, 155, 158, 159, 162, 164, 205, 208,  
210, 229, 246, 253, 262, 271, 278, 318, 359, 404, 413, 455, 478, 495,  
528, 536, 545, 550, 551, 559, 566, 610, 622, 626, 629, 630, 647.
- "F" (2)— 13, 61, 132, 218, 244, 485, 500, 513, 596, 636, 650, 672.
- "F" (1)— 7, 85, 130, 200, 201, 256, 341, 385, 419, 497, 656.
- "F" — 6, 25, 40, 69, 72, 74, 80, 92, 106, 144, 146, 160, 213, 237,  
241, 249, 252, 285, 302, 305, 311, 313, 355, 356, 363, 371, 422, 435,  
446, 510, 514, 522, 533, 538, 555, 560, 563, 570, 583, 585, 598, 602,  
607, 608, 609, 616, 617, 634, 637, 654.
- "G" (2)— 20, 33, 38, 53, 86, 137, 180, 217, 287, 352, 353, 386, 392, 393,  
438, 442, 443, 449, 451, 456, 467, 469, 471, 475, 479, 482, 486, 487,  
488, 493, 501, 502, 512, 547, 638, 641, 648, 649, 655, 661, 662, 669,  
671.
- "G" (1)— 3, 50, 55, 87, 116, 153, 196, 214, 235, 255, 263, 270, 325, 331,  
334, 338, 366, 388, 465, 480, 492, 504, 508, 573, 575, 577, 645, 668.
- "G" — 4, 26, 29, 35, 46, 57, 64, 68, 70, 71, 75, 77, 78, 108,  
119, 120, 124, 125, 127, 129, 133, 138, 140, 142, 145, 152, 156, 157,  
163, 167, 171, 177, 182, 184, 185, 188, 194, 195, 197, 202, 206, 211,  
212, 215, 223, 226, 232, 239, 245, 247, 250, 251, 258, 259, 266, 267,  
272, 275, 276, 277, 279, 280, 281, 286, 290, 292, 293, 295, 297, 298,  
300, 301, 303, 308, 309, 310, 314, 315, 320, 326, 360, 361, 364, 367,  
370, 384, 411, 415, 426, 428, 431, 436, 448, 454, 463, 494, 517, 531,  
532, 537, 541, 542, 543, 546, 548, 549, 554, 557, 564, 571, 572, 574,  
578, 580, 588, 590, 592, 594, 595, 611, 613, 619, 620, 625, 627, 628,  
631, 633, 635, 642, 664, 666.



When the question is seriously approached, which of our present hymns shall be dropped in the interest of additions that may be contemplated, for obviously, our present Hymnal will not bear much enlargement, if any, without becoming unwieldy: then the facts obtained by an analytical study such as the foregoing must be duly weighed. For we may assume that those who habitually use the Book of Common Prayer will have need of many hymns in common, and the weight of a general Anglican consensus will determine the retention of all such hymns as appear in class "A," and most, if not all, of those in classes "B" and "C." And we may assume also a presumption against hymns in class "G" (so large a portion of our present hymnal), unless circumstances peculiar to ourselves dictate the retention of some, each individual hymn being judged by itself.

Again, if there must be a dropping of some hymns, it would seem that we might spare such as are merely duplications in different versions; such also as are on the whole inferior to others provided for the same occasions, if these occasions are comparatively less important (being, for instance, Holy Days for which one or two each will suffice, or offices for which hymns are not greatly needed); again, such as are merely metrical psalms which have survived from a day when hymns proper were but few, and when the Biblical Psalter itself was not so much used as now—for why should we sing the Psalms in this form, often disguised out of all semblance of their Scriptural originals in order to force them into English metre? Of metrical Psalms, a few are of such poetical and devotional merit as to warrant their retention on their intrinsic and enduring claims—a few, but not many.

For excision we would emphatically suggest the greater number of "hymns for children" in our present book: amazingly unsuitable, exhibiting utter inability to voice the natural religious sentiments of childhood, and putting into the mouths of little ones confessions and protestations of which the least to be said is that they are unreal, and therefore pernicious to the religious life they are intended to further.

And yet again: those hymns which are the expression of individualistic religious experience, which may hardly voice any common aspiration, or confession, of a congregation; and which

properly belong in books of Devotion, but not in a Book of Common Praise, might now at length be dropped: making way for others which utter the faith, the gratitude, the supplication, the hope, of the whole congregation. Such truly "Catholic" hymns there are which have not yet gained admittance with us: some of them ancient, but we are now prepared to appreciate them and to use them, like our ancient collects; some of them modern, and fitting the needs of our stirring times, of our newer perils and tasks, as do none or but few of those we now possess.

It is a large subject; and to all this matter of the dropping of old hymns and the adding of new there should be given an amount of study and discussion such as there is no evidence it has yet received.

And it should also receive serious consideration whether the many alterations in the readings of our hymns from the text as left by their authors, have not been in most cases detrimental. As the editors of the *English Hymnal* say, "The freshness and strength of the originals have been replaced by stock phrases and commonplace sentiments; and injury has been done to the quality of our public worship as well as to the memory of great hymn writers."

Your committee recommend for excision, the following hymns in our present Hymnal:

38, 41, 53, 61, 71, 77, 85, 86, 87, 96, 116, 120, 124, 125, 130, 133, 138, 142, 144, 145, 148, 152, 156, 157, 160, 162, 167, 180, 195, 197, 199, 201, 206, 208, 210, 211, 212, 215, 217, 237, 239, 245, 247, 258, 265, 266, 275, 276, 279, 280, 281, 290, 292, 293, 297, 305, 308, 309, 338, 352, 353, 360, 364, 370, 377, 384, 386, 393, 411, 413, 415, 419, 435, 436, 443, 448, 449, 451, 454, 456, 469, 471, 473, 475, 479, 480, 482, 486, 488, 494, 498, 500, 501, 502, 513, 514, 517, 531, 532, 533, 536, 541, 543, 546, 548, 551, 554, 555, 557, 559, 560, 561, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 576, 577, 578, 591, 592, 594, 595, 598, 608, 611, 613, 617, 619, 631, 633, 638, 641, 644, 648, 653, 655, 659, 661, 662, 664, 668, 669.

145 in all.

#### DOUBTFUL:

132, 146, 150, 155, 163, 164, 172, 173, 298, 424, 455, 537, 564, 575.

14 additional.

Your committee further submit the text of 65 new hymns; many of them old in English use, some of them modern and indeed recent. Upon 57 of these—as indicated—the committee were

unanimous; 8 of them are suggested for consideration, approved, but not unanimously.

Altogether, the prospect of a new Hymnal in our American Church may be, according to the action next October, either that of a calamity or futility (futility is calamity in such a case), or that of a glorious work thoroughly and well done through years of careful labor by competent hands, giving us when complete a book worthy to be companion to our Common Prayer, a book in every way of such unquestionable merit that it would become in America a norm as is the Prayer Book itself, for Christians of every name. With such an opportunity, it becomes our duty to insist that nothing be done in haste.

Meanwhile, if it be at all necessary, let us rather adopt a permissive Canon, so that our congregations may sing, under the license of the Ordinary, hymns not contained in the Hymnal. What possible harm could come from it? Would it not, moreover, be, as in England it has been, the best possible method of putting to the test hymns which may be proposed for admittance into a new book?

WILLIAM FREDERIC FABER,

AMOS WATKINS,

WILLIAM HOTHERSALL GARDAM.



# *Additional Hymns*

*Proposed by*

*The Committee on*  
*Hymnal Revision*

*Diocese of Michigan*

*1913*



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---

1. All things bright and beautiful
2. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
3. Behold us, Lord, a little space
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God
5. City of God, how broad and far
6. Do no sinful action
7. Every morning the red sun
8. Fairest Lord Jesus
9. Fierce was the wild billow
10. For the beauty of the earth
11. From north and south and east and west
12. From Thee all skill and science flow
13. Give me the wings of faith to rise
14. God is working His purpose out
15. God of the living, in whose eyes
16. God of the strong, God of the weak
17. He who would valiant be
18. Holy Ghost, Illuminator
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20. Holy Spirit, Truth divine
21. Immortal Love, forever full
22. Judge eternal, throned in splendor
23. Let all the world in every corner sing
24. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass
25. Light of the world, we hail Thee
26. Lord, while for all mankind we pray
27. My spirit longs for Thee
28. Now that the daylight fills the sky
29. O Jesu, King most wonderful
30. O Jesu, Lord of light and grace
31. O Lord, with toil our days are filled
32. O Love that will not let me go
33. O Love, who formedst me to wear
34. O North, with all thy vales of green
35. O thou not made with hands
36. O where are kings and empires now
37. On wings of living light
38. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him
39. Quiet, Lord, my froward heart
40. Rest of the weary, Joy of the sad
41. Rise up, O men of God
42. Soldiers who are Christ's below
43. Sometimes a light surprises
44. Son of God, eternal Saviour
45. Summer suns are glowing

46. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended
47. The glory of the Spring, how sweet
48. The sands of time are sinking
49. Through centuries of sin and woe
50. Waken, Christian children
51. We have not known Thee as we ought
52. We plough the fields and scatter
53. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
54. When wilt Thou save the people
55. Where the light forever shineth
56. Ye holy angels bright
57. Ye sons and daughters of the King

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58. Dear Lord and Father of mankind
59. Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
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	20.	Holy Spirit, Truth divine
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  - 12. From Thee all skill and
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  - 35. O Thou not made with hands
  - 44. Son of God, eternal Saviour
  - 49. Through centuries of sin and
  - 54. When wilt Thou save the people
  - 59. Eternal Ruler of the
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  - 65. Where cross the crowded

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  - 29. O Jesu, King most wonderful
  - 60. Jesus holiest, tenderest
  - 62. O where is He that trod

- FAITH :
- 17. He who would valiant be
  - 32. O Love that wilt not let
  - 33. O Love, who formedst me
  - 39. Quiet, Lord, my froward
  - 40. Rest of the weary, Joy
  - 42. Soldiers who are Christ's
  - 43. Sometimes a light surprises
  - 48. The sands of time are
  - 53. We saw Thee not when
  - 58. Dear Lord and Father
  - 61. O Master, let me walk
  - 62. O where is He that trod
  - 63. Through the love of God

#### V. FOR CHILDREN.

- 1. All things bright and beautiful
- 6. Do no sinful action
- 7. Every morning the red sun
- 8. Fairest Lord Jesus
- 19. Holy night, peaceful night
- 50. Waken, Christian children
- 57. Ye sons and daughters

#### VI. NATIONAL.

- 16. God of the strong, God of the weak
- 22. Judge eternal, throned in
- 26. Lord, while for all mankind
- 54. When wilt Thou save the people.

Under the text of each hymn are indicated by number the collections in which it is found, as follows:

1. Hymnal Companion, 2d edition
2. Hymnal Companion, 3d edition
3. Hymns Ancient and Modern
4. Church Hymns
5. English Hymnal
6. Book of Common Praise (Canadian)
7. Oxford Hymnal
8. Hutchins' Sunday School Hymnal
9. Mission Hymnal (1910)

All these are Anglican.

Also

10. American Hymnal (1913)
11. Hymns of the Kingdom (1910)  
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I.

ALL things bright and beautiful,  
 All creatures great and small,  
 All things wise and wonderful,  
 The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,  
 Each little bird that sings,  
 He made their glowing colors,  
 He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple headed mountain,  
 The river running by,  
 The sunset and the morning,  
 That brightens up the sky;

4 The cold wind in the winter,  
 The pleasant summer sun,  
 The ripe fruit in the garden,—  
 He made them every one;

5 He gave us eyes to see them,  
 And lips that we may tell  
 How great is God Almighty,  
 Who has made all things well.

2.3.4.5.6.7.11

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

II.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay  
 Thine own gift of this new day;  
 Doubt of what it holds in store  
 Makes us crave Thine aid the more;  
 Lest it prove a time of loss,  
 Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,  
Be Thyself our chief delight;  
If it bring unknown distress,  
Good is all that Thou canst bless;  
Only, while its hours begin,  
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,  
And in part discern our foe;  
Well for us, before Thine eyes  
All our danger open lies;  
Turn not from us, while we plead  
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,  
Live each moment on Thy grace,  
All our selves to Thee consign,  
Fold up all our wills in Thine,  
Think, and speak, and do, and be,  
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;  
Hear, and grant the chiefest boon  
That Thy love can e'er impart,  
Loyal singleness of heart;  
So shall this and all our days,  
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

2.3.4.5.6.7.10.11.

—*William Bright.*

### III.

**B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.  
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil and care:  
And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

2 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayest be sought;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.  
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea,  
The worlds of science and of art  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee and not Thy foe.  
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done,  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught  
Itself with work be one.

2.3.6.10.11.

—*John Ellerton.*

#### IV.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,  
Fill me with life anew;  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure;  
Until with Thee I will one will  
To do, or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Till I am wholly Thine;  
Till all this earthly part of me  
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity.

6.9.10.11.

—*Edwin Hatch.*

V.

CITY of God, how broad and far  
Outspread thy walls sublime!  
The true thy chartered freemen are  
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,  
One steadfast, high intent;  
One working band, one harvest-song,  
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth!  
How grandly hath thine empire grown  
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night  
With never-fainting ray!  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands:  
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock  
The eternal City stands.

5.10.11.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

VI.

DO no sinful action,  
Speak no angry word;  
Ye belong to Jesus,  
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,  
Christ is pure and true;  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

3 There's a wicked spirit  
Watching round you still,  
And he tries to tempt you  
To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,  
Though 'tis hard for you  
To resist the evil,  
And the good to do.

5 For ye promised truly,  
In your infant days,  
To renounce him wholly,  
And forsake his ways.

6 Ye are new-born Christians,  
Ye must learn to fight  
With the bad within you,  
And to do the right.

7 Christ is your own Master,  
He is good and true,  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

2.3.4.5.6.7.

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

## VII.

EVERY morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright;  
But the evening cometh on,  
And the dark, cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers  
    Open bright and gay,  
Till the chilly autumn hours  
    Wither them away.  
There's a land we have not seen,  
    Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise  
    All the summer long,  
But in colder, shorter days  
    They forget their song.  
There's a place where angels sing  
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near  
    Those who follow Him;  
But we cannot see Him here,  
    For our eyes are dim;  
There is a most happy place,  
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?  
    All who do the right:  
Holy children there shall stand  
    In their robes of white;  
For that heaven, so bright and blest,  
Is our everlasting rest.

3.4.5.6.8.11.

—Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

## VIII.

**F**AIREST Lord Jesus,  
    Ruler of all nature,  
O Thou of God and man the Son!  
    Thee will I cherish,  
    Thee will I honor,  
Thou my soul's glory, joy and crown!

2 Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of Spring:  
Jesus is fairer,  
Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling, starry host:  
Jesus shines brighter,  
Jesus shines purer,  
Than all the angels heaven can boast.  
—“*Crusaders’ Hymn.*”  
(German; translator unknown.)

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In Hutchins’ Sunday School Hymnal and Service Book, H.  
391, as

“Beautiful Saviour, King of creation,  
Son of God and Son of man.”

8.10.11.

## IX.

**F**IERCE was the wild billow,  
Dark was the night;  
Oars labored heavily,  
Foam glimmered white;  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was nigh:  
Then said the God of God,  
“Peace! It is I.”

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest!  
Wail of Euroclydon  
Be thou at rest!  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
Where saith the Light of light,  
“Peace! It is I.”

3 Jesu, Deliverer,  
Near to us be;  
Soothe Thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea:  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, O Truth of truth,  
"Peace! It is I."

1.2.4.5.6.11.

—*Anatolius, tr. by J. M. Neale.*

X.

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4.5.6.8.11.

—*F. S. Pierpoint.*



## XI.

FROM north and south and east and west,  
When shall the people, long unblest,  
All find their everlasting rest,  
O Christ, in Thee?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow  
Be with the Gospel light alow,  
And all men their Redeemer know,  
O Christ, in Thee?

3 When on each southern balmy coast  
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,  
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,  
O Christ, in Thee?

4 O when, in all the Orient lands,  
From cities white and flaming sands  
Shall men lift dedicated hands,  
O Christ, to Thee?

5 Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,  
The ages' diadem and flower,  
When all shall find their refuge, tower,  
And home, in Thee!

—George T. Coster.

## XII.

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,  
All pity, care, and love,  
All calm and courage, faith and hope—  
O, pour them from above!

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,  
As each and all shall need,  
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,  
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day  
When pain and death shall cease,  
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth  
With health, and light, and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,  
And ever green the sod,  
And man's rude work deface no more  
The Paradise of God.

5.10.11.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

### XIII.

**G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For His own pattern given;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

1.2.3.4.5.6.7.

—*Isaac Watts.*

#### XIV.

GOD is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,  
God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing  
near ;

Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters  
cover the sea.

2 From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod,  
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,  
"Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to Me,  
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters  
cover the sea."

3 What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase  
The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of peace?  
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,  
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters  
cover the sea?

4 March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ  
unfurled,  
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine through-  
out the world ;  
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,  
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters  
cover the sea.

5 All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed ;  
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed ;  
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely  
be,  
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters  
cover the sea.

4.5.6.9.

—*Alfred C. Ainger.*

# XV.

**G**OD of the living, in whose eyes  
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,  
All souls are Thine; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away.  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree:  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave.  
That none might fear that world to see  
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath.  
O Holder of the keys of death.  
O Giver of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin;  
That body, soul, and spirit be  
Forever living unto Thee!

## XVI.

**G**OD of the strong, God of the weak,  
 Lord of all lands, and our own land,  
 Light of all souls, from Thee we seek  
 Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand.

2 In suffering Thou hast made us one,  
 In mighty burdens one are we;  
 Teach us that lowliest duty done  
 Is highest service unto Thee.

3 Teach us, great Teacher of mankind,  
 The sacrifice that brings Thy balm;  
 The love, the work, that bless and bind;  
 Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

4 Teach us, and we shall know indeed  
 The truth divine that maketh free;  
 And knowing, we may sow the seed  
 That blossoms through eternity.

10.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

## XVII.

**H**E who would valiant be  
 'Gainst all disaster,  
 Let him in constancy  
 Follow the Master.  
 There's no discouragement  
 Shall make him once relent  
 His first avowed intent  
 To be a pilgrim.

2 Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound—  
His strength the more is.  
No foes shall stay his might,  
Though he with giants fight,  
He will make good his right  
To be a pilgrim.

3 Since, Lord, Thou dost defend  
Us with Thy Spirit,  
We know we at the end  
Shall life inherit.  
Then fancies flee away !  
I'll fear not what they say,  
I'll labor night and day  
To be a pilgrim.

5.7.

—*John Bunyan.*

#### XVIII.

**H**OLY Ghost, Illuminator,  
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen,  
And to see beyond the skies,  
Where the Son of Man in glory  
Standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His martyr army,  
Succoring His faithful band ;

2 See Him, who is gone before us,  
Heavenly mansions to prepare,  
See Him, who is ever pleading  
For us with prevailing prayer,  
See Him, who with sound of trumpet  
And with His angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment,  
On the clouds will come again.

3 Glory be to God the Father ;  
    Glory be to God the Son,  
Dying, risen, ascending, for us,  
    Who the heavenly realm has won ;  
Glory to the Holy Spirit ;  
    To one God, in Persons Three ;  
Glory both in earth and heaven,  
    Glory, endless glory, be. Amen.

1.2.3.4.5.6.

—*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.*

## XIX.

**H**OLY night ! peaceful night !  
All is dark, save the light  
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep  
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep  
    Rests in heavenly peace,  
    Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Holy night ! peaceful night !  
Only for shepherds' sight  
Came blest visions of angel throngs,  
With their loud alleluia songs,  
    Saying, Christ is come,  
    Saying, Christ is come !

3 Holy night ! peaceful night !  
Child of heaven, O how bright  
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born,  
Blest indeed was that happy morn,  
    Full of heavenly joy,  
    Full of heavenly joy !

6.8.10.11.

—*Joseph Mohr, tr. by Jane M. Campbell.*

## XX.

**H**OLY Spirit, Truth divine,  
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
Word of God, and inward Light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,  
Glow within this heart of mine;  
Kindle every high desire,  
Perish self in Thy pure fire.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,  
Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,  
King within my conscience reign;  
Be my law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,  
Still this restless heart of mine;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquility.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,  
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
In the desert ways I sing,  
"Spring, O Well, forever spring!"

11.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

## XXI.

**I**MMORTAL Love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free,  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

- 2 Our outward lips confess the name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came  
And comprehendeth love.



- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
    To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
    For Him no depths can drown;
- 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
    A present Help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
    And love its Galilee.
- 5 The healing of His seamless dress  
    Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
    And we are whole again.
- 6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
    Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
    Are burdened with His name.
- 7 Alone, O Love ineffable,  
    Thy saving name is given:  
To turn aside from Thee is hell,  
    To walk with Thee is heaven.
- 2.5.6.10.11. —John Greenleaf Whittier.

## XXII.

- JUDGE eternal, throned in splendor,  
    Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
With Thy living fire of judgment  
    Purge this land of bitter things:  
Solace all its wide dominion  
    With the healing of Thy wings.
- 2 Still the weary folk are pining  
    For the hour that brings release;  
And the city's crowded clangor  
    Cries aloud for sin to cease;  
And the homesteads and the woodlands  
    Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O Lord, our own endeavor;  
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword:  
Feed the faint and hungry heathen  
With the richness of Thy Word:  
Cleanse the body of this nation  
Through the glory of the Lord.

5.11.

—*Henry Scott Holland.*

### XXIII.

**L**ET all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!  
The heavens are not too high,  
His praise may thither fly;  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.  
Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!  
The Church with psalms must shout,  
No door can keep them out;  
But above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.  
Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!

3.4.5.7.11.

—*George Herbert.*

### XXIV.

**L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass;  
Ye bars of iron, yield,  
And let the King of glory pass:  
The Cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star  
That leads the train of night,  
Shines on their march, and guides from far  
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage;  
Mysteriously at strife,  
The powers of heaven and hell engage  
For more than death or life.

4 Ye armies of the living God,  
His sacramental host!  
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,  
Take your appointed post.

5 Though few and small and weak your bands,  
Strong in your Captain's strength,  
Go to the conquest of all lands,  
All must be His at length.

6 Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
The bars of iron yield;  
Behold the King of glory pass:  
The Cross hath won the field.

1.2.3.4.5.6.10.11.

—*J. Montgomery.*

## XXV.

LIGHT of the world we hail Thee,  
Flushing the eastern skies;  
Never shall darkness veil Thee  
Again from human eyes;  
Too long, alas! withholden,  
Now spread from shore to shore;  
Thy light, so glad and golden,  
Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, Thy beauty  
Steals into every heart,  
And glorifies with duty  
Life's poorest, humblest part;  
Thou robest in Thy splendor  
The simple ways of men,  
And helpst them to render  
Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world, before Thee  
 Our spirits prostrate fall;  
 We worship, we adore Thee,  
 Thou Light, the Life of all;  
 With Thee is no forgetting  
 Of all Thine hand hath made;  
 Thy rising hath no setting.  
 Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine  
 This darkened land of Thine,  
 Till everything that's human  
 Be filled with what's divine;  
 Till every tongue and nation,  
 From sin's dominion free,  
 Rise in the new creation  
 Which springs from love and Thee.

11.

—*John S. B. Monsell.*

## XXVI.

**L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O hear us for our native land,  
 The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;  
 With peace our borders bless;  
 With prosperous times our cities crown,  
 Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love  
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;  
 And let our hills and valleys shout  
 The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
 Our country we commend;  
 Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
 Her everlasting Friend.

5.10.

—*John Reynell Wreford.*

## XXVII.

MY spirit longs for Thee  
 Within my troubled breast,  
 Though I unworthy be  
 Of so divine a Guest.

2 Of so divine a Guest  
 Unworthy though I be,  
 Yet has my heart no rest  
 Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,  
 In vain I look around;  
 In all that I can see  
 No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found  
 But in Thy blessed love:  
 O let my wish be crowned,  
 And send it from above!

4.5.7.

—*John Byrom.*

## XXVIII.

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,  
 We lift our hearts to God on high,  
 That He, in all we do or say,  
 Would keep us free from harm to-day;

2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;  
 From anger's din would hide our life;  
 From all ill sights would turn our eyes;  
 Would close our ears from vanities:

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure;  
 Our souls from folly would secure;  
 Would bid us check the pride of sense  
 With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,  
And night in turn is drawing on,  
With conscience by the world unstained  
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

5 All laud to God the Father be;  
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee;  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To God the holy Paraclete. Amen.

3.4.5.6.7. —*Jam lucis orto sidere, tr. by J. M. Neale.*

## XXIX.

O JESU, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart;  
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesu, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of living fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire:

4 Jesu, may all confess Thy name,  
Thy wondrous love adore,  
And seeking Thee, their hearts inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,  
Thee may we love alone,  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

—*Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Edward Caswall*

3.4.5.6.7.10.11.

### XXX.

O JESU, Lord of light and grace,  
 Thou brightness of the Father's face,  
 Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
 True day, dispersing shades of night;

2 Come, very Sun of heavenly love,  
 Come in Thy radiance from above,  
 And shed the Holy Spirit's ray  
 On every thought and sense to-day.

3 So we the Father's help will claim,  
 And sing the Father's glorious name,  
 And His almighty grace implore  
 That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,  
 And quench the darts of wickedness;  
 In life's rough ways our feet defend,  
 And grant us patience to the end.

5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
 May guile depart and discord cease.  
 And all within be truth and peace.

6 So let us gladly pass the day,  
 Our thoughts as pure as morning ray,  
 Our faith as noontide glowing bright,  
 Our minds undimmed by shades of night.

7 All praise to God the Father be.  
 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
 Whom with the Spirit we adore  
 Forever and forevermore. Amen.

—*St. Ambrose, tr. by John Chandler.*

1.2.3.4.(5)6.(7)11.

## XXXI.

O LORD, with toil our days are filled,  
 They rarely leave us free;  
 O give us space to seek for grace,  
 In happy thoughts of Thee!

2 Yet hear us, little though we ask,  
 O leave us not alone;  
 In every thought, and word, and task,  
 Be near us, though unknown.

3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,  
 Still send us heavenly food,  
 And mark, as none on earth can mark,  
 Our struggle to be good.

10.11.

—*Alfred C. Ainger.*

## XXXII.

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,  
 I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
 I give Thee back the life I owe,  
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
 May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,  
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
 May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
 I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
 And feel the promise is not vain  
 That morn shall tearless be.



4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
 I lay in dust life's glory dead  
 And from the ground there blossoms red  
 Life that shall endless be.

6.9.10.11.

—*George Matheson.*

### XXXIII.

O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear  
 The image of Thy Godhead here;  
 Who soughtest me with tender care  
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear:  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,  
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe;  
 O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain  
 That we eternal joy might know:  
 O Love, I give . . . .

3 O Love, of Whom is truth and light,  
 The Word and Spirit, life and power,  
 Whose heart was bared to them that smite,  
 To shield us in our trial hour:  
 O Love, I give . . . .

4 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,  
 Who for my soul dost ever plead,  
 O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,  
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead:  
 O Love, I give . . . .

5 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise  
 From out this dying life of ours;  
 O Love, Who once above yon skies  
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers:  
 O Love, I give . . . .

3.4.5.6.

—*J. Scheffler, tr. by Catherine Winkworth.*

# XXXIV.

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green!  
 O South, with all thy palms!  
 From peopled towns and fields between  
 Uplift the voice of psalms.  
 Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,  
 And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears  
 God's well-beloved Son;  
 He brings a train of brighter years,  
 His Kingdom is begun;  
 He comes the guilty world to bless  
 With mercy, truth and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour  
 When at His feet shall lie  
 All rule, authority and power  
 Beneath the ample sky:  
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said,  
 Amid their daily cares,  
 And by the loving life He led  
 Shall strive to pattern theirs;  
 And He Who conquered death shall win  
 The mightier conquest over sin.

5.6.10.11.

—William Cullen Bryant.

# XXXV.

O THOU not made with hands,  
 Not throned above the skies,  
 Nor walled with shining walls,  
 Nor framed with stones of price,  
 More bright than gold or gem,  
 God's own Jerusalem!

- 2 Where'er the gentle heart  
 Finds courage from above;  
 Where'er the heart forsook  
 Warms with the breath of love;  
 Where faith bids fear depart,  
 City of God, thou art.
- 3 Thou art where'er the proud  
 In humbleness melts down;  
 Where self itself yields up;  
 Where martyrs win their crown;  
 Where faithful souls possess  
 Themselves in perfect peace:
- 4 Where in life's common ways  
 With cheerful feet we go;  
 Where in His steps we tread  
 Who trod the path of woe;  
 Where He is in the heart,  
 City of God, thou art.
- 5 Not throned above the skies,  
 Nor golden-walled afar,  
 But where Christ's two or three  
 In His name gathered are,  
 Be in the midst of them,  
 God's own Jerusalem.

5.10.11.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

### XXXVI.

**O** WHERE are kings and empires now  
 Of old that went and came?  
 But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,  
 A thousand years the same.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
 And her foundations strong;  
 We hear within the solemn voice  
 Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy Church, O God,  
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,  
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made with hands.

10.11.

—*Altered from Bishop Cox.*

### XXXVII.

O N wings of living light,  
At dawn of earliest day,  
Came down the angel bright,  
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise  
With one accord,  
To bless and praise  
Your risen Lord!

2 Then rose from death's dark gloom,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
Triumphant o'er the tomb,  
The Lord of earth and sky.

Your voices raise  
With one accord,  
To bless and praise  
Your risen Lord!

3 Ye children of the light,  
Arise with Him, arise!  
See, how the Day-star bright  
Is burning in the skies!

Your voices raise  
With one accord,  
To bless and praise  
Your risen Lord!

4 Leave in the grave beneath  
 The old things passed away ;  
 Buried with Him in death,  
 O live with Him to-day !  
 Your voices raise  
 With one accord,  
 To bless and praise  
 Your risen Lord !

10.

—*Bishop William Walsham How.*

### XXXVIII.

**P**RAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him ;  
 Praise Him, angels in the height ;  
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light :  
 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,  
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
 Laws, which never shall be broken,  
 For their guidance He hath made.

2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
 Never shall His promise fail ;  
 God hath made His saints victorious,  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.  
 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify His name !

1.2.3.4.5.6.7.10.

—*Anon.*

### XXXIX.

**Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart :  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art—  
 Make me as a weanéd child :  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:  
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

1.2.7.10.11.

—*John Newton.*

## XL.

**R**EST of the weary,  
Joy of the sad,  
Hope of the dreary,  
Light of the glad;  
Home of the stranger,  
Strength to the end,  
Refuge from danger,  
Saviour and Friend:

2 When my feet stumble,  
I'll to Thee cry,  
Crown of the humble,  
Cross of the high;  
When my steps wander,  
Over me bend,  
Truer and fonder,  
Saviour and Friend.

3 Thee still confessing  
Ever I'll raise  
Unto Thee blessing,  
Glory and praise;  
All my endeavor,  
World without end,  
Thine to be ever,  
Saviour and Friend.

1.5.6.8.10.

—*John S. B. Monsell.*

## XLII.

**R**ISE up, O men of God!  
Have done with lesser things;  
Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
To serve the King of kings.

2 Rise up, O men of God!  
His Kingdom tarries long.  
Bring in the day of brotherhood,  
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!  
The Church for you doth wait,  
Her strength unequal to her task—  
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ!  
Tread where His feet have trod;  
As brothers of the Son of Man  
Rise up, O men of God!

10.

—*William Pierson Merrill.*

## XLIII.

**S**OLDIERS, who are Christ's below,  
Strong in faith resist the foe;  
Boundless is the pledged reward  
Unto them who serve the Lord.

- 2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
 That the conqueror's hand receives;  
 Joys are his, serene and pure,  
 Light that ever shall endure.
- 3 For the souls that overcome  
 Waits the beauteous heavenly home,  
 Where the blessed evermore  
 Tread on high the starry floor.
- 4 Passing soon and little worth  
 Are the things that tempt on earth;  
 Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;  
 God Himself is thy reward.
- 5 Father, Who the crown dost give,  
 Saviour, by Whose death we live,  
 Spirit, Who our hearts dost raise,  
 Three in One, Thy name we praise.
- Pugnate, Christi milites, tr. by J. H. Clark.*

3.4.5.6.7.8.

#### XLIII.

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings;  
 It is the Lord Who rises  
 With healing in His wings:  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new:  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may!



3 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too ;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed ;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there :  
Yet God, the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

1.2.7.10.11.

—*William Cowper.*

#### XLIV.

SON of God, eternal Saviour,  
Source of light and truth and grace,  
Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate  
Hallows all our human race :  
Thou, our Head, Who throned in glory,  
For Thine own dost ever plead,  
Fill us with Thy love and pity,  
Heal our wrongs, and help our need.

2 As Thou, Lord, hast lived for others,  
So may we for others live ;  
Freely have Thy gifts been granted ;  
Freely may Thy servants give.  
Thine the gold and Thine the silver,  
Thine the wealth of land and sea,  
We but stewards of Thy bounty,  
Held in solemn trust for Thee.

- 3 Come, O Christ, and reign among us,  
 King of love, and Prince of peace,  
 Hush the storm of strife and passion,  
 Bid its cruel discords cease;  
 By Thy patient years of toiling,  
 By Thy silent hours of pain,  
 Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,  
 Shame our selfish greed of gain.
- 4 Ah, the past is dark behind us,  
 Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood;  
 But before us gleams the vision  
 Of the coming brotherhood.  
 See the Christlike host advancing,  
 High and lowly, great and small,  
 Linked in bonds of common service  
 For the common Lord of all.
- 5 Son of God, eternal Saviour,  
 Source of light and truth and grace—  
 Son of Man, Whose birth incarnate  
 Hallows all our human race—  
 Thou Who prayedst, Thou Who willest  
 That Thy people should be one;  
 Grant, O grant our hope's fruition,  
 Here on earth Thy will be done.

5.

—*S. C. Lowry.*

#### XLV.

SUMMER suns are glowing  
 Over land and sea,  
 Happy light is flowing,  
 Bountiful and free.  
 Everything rejoices  
 In the mellow rays,  
 All earth's thousand voices  
 Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth,  
Everywhere unfurled.  
Broad and deep and glorious,  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For Thy loving kindness  
Make us love Thee more.  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light;  
Life is dark without Thee;  
Death with Thee is bright.  
Light of light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day.

6.8.10.11.

—*Bishop William Walsham How.*

#### XLVI.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
 While earth rolls onward into light,  
 Through all the world her watch is keeping.  
 And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island  
 The dawn leads on another day,  
 The voice of prayer is never silent,  
 Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking  
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 Thy wondrous doing heard on high.
- 5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
 Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,  
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
- 2.3.4.5.6.7.9.10.11. —*J. Ellerton.*

#### XLVII.

- THE glory of the spring, how sweet,  
 The new-born life how glad;  
 What joy the happy earth to greet,  
 In new, bright raiment clad.  
 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;  
 I greet Thy going forth;  
 I love Thee in the loveliness  
 Of Thy renewed earth.
- 2 But O these wonders of Thy grace,  
 These nobler works of Thine,  
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,  
 These new-births more divine,  
 This new-born glow of faith so strong,  
 This bloom of love so fair,  
 This new-born ecstasy of song,  
 And fragrancy of prayer!

- 3 Creator Spirit, work in me  
These wonders sweet of Thine,  
Divine Renewer, graciously  
Renew this heart of mine.  
Still let new life and strength upspring,  
Still let new joy be given ;  
And grant the glad new song to ring  
Through the new earth and heaven.

10.11.

—*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*

#### XLVIII.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for.  
The fair, sweet morn awakes.  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

- 2 O, Christ He is the Fountain,  
The deep sweet well of love !  
The streams of earth I've tasted—  
More deep I'll drink above !  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

- 3 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were brightened with His love :  
I'll bless the Hand that guided,  
I'll bless the Heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His piercé hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

1.2.6.10.11.

—*Anne Ross Cousin.*

### XLIX.

**T**HROUGH centuries of sin and woe  
Hath streamed the crimson flood,  
While man, in concert with the foe,  
Hath shed his brother's blood.  
Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And let the cruel war-cry cease.

2 In vain, 'mid clamors rude and loud,  
Thy servants seek repose;  
See, day by day, the strife renewed,  
And brethren turned to foes:  
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Let hatred die, and love increase.

3 Thy Gospel, Lord, is grace and love;  
O send it all abroad,  
Till every heart submissive prove,  
And bless the reigning God.  
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And give the weary world release.

10.

—*John Hampden Gurney.*

### L.

**W**AKEN! Christian children,  
Up and let us sing,  
With glad voice the praises  
Of our new-born King.

2 Come, nor fear to seek Him,  
Children though we be;  
Once He said of children,  
"Let them come to Me."

3 In a manger lowly,  
Sleeps the heavenly Child;  
O'er Him fondly bendeth  
Mary, mother mild.

4 Far above that stable,  
Up in heaven so high,  
One bright star outshineth,  
Watching silently.

5 Fear not, then, to enter,  
Though we cannot bring  
Gold, or myrrh, or incense  
Fitting for a King.

6 Gifts He asketh richer,  
Offerings costlier still,  
Yet may Christian children  
Bring them if they will.

7 Brighter than all jewels  
Shines the modest eye;  
Best of gifts He loveth  
Childlike purity.

8 Haste we then to welcome  
With a joyous lay  
Christ the King of glory  
Born for us to-day.

WE have not known Thee as we ought,  
 Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace and power;  
 The things of earth have filled our thought;  
 The trifles of the passing hour.  
 Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,  
 And make us wise in knowing Thee.

2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,  
 Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,  
 Nor guarded deed and word, and thought,  
 Remembering that God was nigh.  
 Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,  
 And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
 Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;  
 Thy presence we have coldly sought—  
 But feebly longed Thy face to see.  
 Lord, give a pure and loving heart  
 To feel and own the Love Thou art.

4 We have not served Thee as we ought,  
 Alas! the duties left undone—  
 The work with little fervor wrought—  
 The battles lost, or scarcely won!  
 Lord, give the zeal and give the might,  
 For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,  
 And fear, and love, and serve aright?  
 When shall we out of trial brought  
 Be perfect in the land of light?  
 Lord, may we day by day prepare  
 To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.



LII.

WE plough the fields, and scatter  
 The good seed on the land,  
 But it is fed and watered  
 By God's almighty hand.  
 He sends the snow in winter,  
 The warmth to swell the grain,  
 The breezes and the sunshine,  
 And soft refreshing rain.

*Refrain.*

All good gifts around us  
 Are sent from heaven above;  
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
 For all His love.

- 2 He only is the Maker  
 Of all things near and far,  
 He paints the wayside flower,  
 He lights the evening star.  
 The winds and waves obey Him,  
 By Him the birds are fed;  
 Much more to us, His children,  
 He gives our daily bread.

*Refrain.* All good gifts . . .

- 3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
 For all things bright and good;  
 The seed-time and the harvest,  
 Our life, our health, our food.  
 No gifts have we to offer  
 For all Thy love imparts,  
 But that which Thou desirest,  
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

*Refrain.* All good gifts . . .

—*M. Claudius, tr. by Jane M. Campbell.*

2.3.4.5.6.7.8.10.11.

LIII.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
 To this poor world of sin and death,  
 Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home  
     In that despised Nazareth;  
 But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
 Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high  
     Amid that wild and savage crew,  
 Nor heard Thy meek imploring cry,  
     "Forgive, they know not what they do";  
 Yet we believe the deed was done  
 Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb  
     Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
 Nor sat within that upper room,  
     Nor met Thee in the open way;  
 But we believe that angels said,  
 "Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few  
     When Thou didst in the cloud ascend,  
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
     Then to the earth all prostrate bend;  
 Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
 From that far mountain saw Thee rise.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
     And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
 No ray of glory from the sky  
     Doth shine upon our wilderness;  
 But we believe Thy faithful word,  
 And trust in our redeeming Lord.

1.2.3.4.5.6.10.

—*John Hampden Gurney.*

LIV.

WHEN wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?

The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,  
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—  
Their heritage a sunless day—  
God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime forever,  
Strength aiding still the strong?  
Is it Thy will, O Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong?  
“No,” say Thy mountains; “No,” Thy skies;  
Man’s clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs be heard instead of sighs.  
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
God save the people; Thine they are,  
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;  
From vice, oppression and despair,  
God save the people!

5.10.11.

—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

LV.

WHERE the light forever shineth,  
Where no storm ariseth more,  
There the Saviour meets His loved ones  
On the shore.

2 They nor thirst nor suffer hunger,  
All their fears are wiped away,  
Night has passed, and they have entered  
Endless day.

- 3 Surely He, the mighty Worker,  
    He Who slumbers not nor sleeps,  
Leaveth not in useless silence  
    Those He keeps.
- 4 They who bravely toiled amongst us  
    We believe are working still,  
Where no disappointment hinders,  
    No self-will.
- 5 Lo! from earth's imperfect labor  
    He hath called them to His feet,  
There to work where free from failure,  
    Work is sweet.
- 6 We can spare them, loving Saviour,  
    For we know Thou guardest well  
Those who now, with all the ransomed,  
    Sinless dwell.
- 7 Grant that we with them Thy loved ones,  
    Whom by faith we still can see,  
May, when life's great morning dawneth,  
    Follow Thee.

6.

—Anon.

## LVI.

YE holy angels bright,  
    Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
    Fly at your Lord's command,  
    Assist our song,  
    Or else the theme  
    Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessed souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
And now, from sin released,  
Behold your Saviour's face,  
His praises sound  
As in His sight  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go,  
Some joyful anthem sing:  
Take what He gives,  
And praise Him still,  
Through good and ill,  
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above,  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love!  
Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er He send,  
Be filled with praise!

3.4.5.6.7.10.11.

—*Richard Baxter.*

LVII.

**Y**E sons and daughters of the King,  
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,  
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.  
Alleluia!

2 On that first morning of the week,  
Before the day began to break,  
The Marys went their Lord to seek.  
Alleluia!

3 An angel bade their sorrow flee,  
For thus he spake unto the three :  
"Your Lord is gone to Galilee."  
Alleluia !

4 That night the Apostles met in fear,  
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,  
And said, "Peace be unto you here."  
Alleluia !

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard  
That Jesus had fulfilled His word,  
He doubted if it were the Lord.  
Alleluia !

6 "Thomas, behold My side," saith He ;  
"My hands, My feet, My body see ;  
And doubt not, but believe in Me."  
Alleluia !

7 No longer Thomas then denied :  
He saw the hands, the feet, the side ;  
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.  
Alleluia !

8 Blessed are they that have not seen,  
And yet whose faith hath constant been,  
In life eternal they shall reign.  
Alleluia !

9 On this most holy day of days,  
To God your hearts and voices raise  
In laud and jubilee and praise.  
Alleluia !

10 And we with holy Church unite,  
As evermore is just and right,  
In glory to the King of Light.  
Alleluia !

3.4.5.6.7.      *O filii et filiae, tr. by John Mason Neale.*

LVIII.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,  
 Forgive our foolish ways!  
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
 In pure lives Thy service find,  
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard  
 Beside the Syrian sea  
 The gracious calling of the Lord.  
 Let us, like them, without a word,  
 Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O sabbath rest of Galilee!  
 O calm of hills above,  
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee  
 The silence of eternity,  
 Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all  
 Our words and works that drown  
 The tender whisper of Thy call,  
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
 As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
 Till all our strivings cease;  
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
 And let our ordered lives confess  
 The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
 O still small Voice of calm!

LIX.

**E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
 Of circling planets singing on their way;  
 Guide of the nations from the night profound,  
     Into the glory of the perfect day:  
 Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be  
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,  
     The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;  
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove  
     Into our hearts that we may be as one:  
 As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend,  
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
     One in our love of all things sweet and fair;  
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
     One with the grief that trembles into prayer;  
 One in the power that makes Thy children free  
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,  
     Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine.  
 Our inspiration be Thy constant Word;  
     We ask no victories that are not Thine.  
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be:  
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

4.5.10.11.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

LX.

**J**ESUS, holiest, tenderest, dearest,  
     Loveliest, lowliest, most sublime!  
 Glorious King of kings, yet nearest  
     To Thy people through all time,  
     Still abiding  
 Mighty in each age, each clime.



- 2 Change, so potent through the ages,  
     Hath put forth no power on Thee;  
 Sages have supplanted sages,  
     Thrones have been and ceased to be:  
     Still Thou teachest,  
     Still abides Thy sovereignty.
- 3 Ages pass, but Thou maintainest .  
     Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now;  
 Freedom grows, but still Thou reignest;  
     Light spreads round, still shinest Thou.  
     Souls most lofty  
     To Thy gracious sceptre bow.
- 4 Never was our Helper nearer  
     In the strife with sin and wrong;  
 Never was our Brother dearer,  
     Never was our King more strong;  
     Never held'st Thou  
     Fuller sway o'er life and song.
- 5 Still the same, but more victorious,  
     With a wider, deeper sway;  
 Lord than yesterday more glorious,  
     King more mighty than to-day;  
     Thus forever!  
     More our Life, our Strength, our Stay!

10.11.

—*Thomas Hornblower Gill.*

## LXI.

**O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee  
 In lowly paths of service free;  
 Teach me Thy secret, help me bear  
 The strain of toil, the fret of care.

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
 With one clear winning word of love;  
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
 And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

6.10.11.

—*Washington Gladden.*

## LXII.

O WHERE is He that trod the sea?  
O where is He that spake—  
And demons from their victims flee,  
The dead their slumbers break ;  
The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
The dumb men talk and sing,  
And from blind eyes benighted long  
Bright beams of morning spring.

2 O where is He that trod the sea?  
'Tis only He can save ;  
To thousands hungering wearily  
A wondrous meal He gave ;  
Full soon, with food celestial fed  
Their mystic fare they take ;  
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
And harvest when He brake.

3 O where is He that trod the sea?  
My soul, the Lord is here :  
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee ;  
To leap, to look, to hear  
Be thine : thy needs He'll satisfy.  
Art thou diseased or dumb ?  
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry ?  
"I come" saith Christ, "I come."

10.

—*Thomas Toke Lynch.*

### LXIII.

**T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour,  
 All will be well;  
 Free and changeless is His favor,  
 All, all is well.  
 Precious is the Blood that healed us,  
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us,  
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;  
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
 All will be well;  
 Ours is such a full salvation,  
 All, all is well.  
 Happy still in God confiding;  
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;  
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding:  
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow:  
 All will be well.  
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow.  
 All, all is well.  
 On our Father's love relying;  
 Jesus every need supplying,  
 Or in living or in dying,  
 All must be well.

1.2.6.10.

—*Mary Peters.*

### LXIV.

**T**HY hand, O God, has guided  
 Thy flock from age to age;  
 The wondrous tale is written,  
 Full clear on every page:  
 Our fathers owned Thy goodness,  
 And we their deeds record:  
 And both of this bear witness,  
 One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings  
To greatest, as to least;  
They bade men rise and hasten  
To share the great King's feast;  
And this was all their teaching,  
In every deed and word,  
To all alike proclaiming  
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

3 When shadows thick were falling,  
And all seemed sunk in night,  
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy servants,  
Thy chosen sons of light.  
On them and on Thy people  
Thy plenteous grace was poured,  
And this was still their message,  
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

4 Through many a day of darkness,  
Through many a scene of strife,  
The faithful few fought bravely,  
To guard the nation's life.  
Their gospel of redemption,  
Sin pardoned, man restored,  
Was all in this enfolded,  
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

5 And we, shall we be faithless?  
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?  
Shall we evade the conflict,  
And cast away our crown?  
Not so: in God's deep counsels  
Some better thing is stored;  
We will maintain unflinching,  
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

6 Thy mercy will not fail us,  
 Nor leave Thy work undone;  
 With Thy right hand to help us,  
 The victory shall be won;  
 And then, by men and angels,  
 Thy name shall be adored,  
 And this shall be their anthem,  
 One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

3.5.6.

—*Dean E. H. Plumptre.*

# LXV.

**W**HERE cross the crowded ways of life,  
 Where sound the cries of race and clan,  
 Above the noise of selfish strife,  
 We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

- 2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
 On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,  
 From paths where hide the lures of greed,  
 We catch the vision of Thy tears.
- 3 From tender childhood's helplessness,  
 From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
 From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
 Thy heart has never known recoil.
- 4 The cup of water given for Thee  
 Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
 Yet long these multitudes to see  
 The sweet compassion of Thy face.
- 5 O Master, from the mountain side,  
 Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
 Among these restless throngs abide,  
 O tread the city's streets again;
- 6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,  
 And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
 Till glorious from Thy heaven above  
 Shall come the City of our God.

10.11.

—*Frank Mason North.*





